

Ballad of the Sad Young Men

Roberta Flack

Sing a song of sad young men, glasses full of rye
All the news is bad again, kiss your dreams goodbye

All the sad young men, sitting in the bars
Knowing neon nights, and missing all the stars

All the sad young men, drifting through the town
Drinking up the night, trying not to drown

All the sad young men, singing in the cold
Trying to forget, that they're growing old

All the sad young men, choking on their youth
Trying to be brave, running from the truth

Autumn turns the leaves to gold, slowly dies the heart
Sad young men are growing old, that's the cruellest part

All the sad young men, seek a certain smile
Someone they can hold, for just a little while

Tired little girl, does the best she can
Trying to be gay, for a sad young men

While a grimy moon, watches from above
All the sad young men, who play at making love

Misbegotten moon shine for sad young men
Let your gentle light guide them home again
All the sad, sad, sad, young men